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THE SPEECH OF CHARLES PAMPHLIN AT HIS EXECUTION

In COVENT-GARDEN,

On *Wednesday* the 22th of *May* 1678.

For Murdering Lieutenant *Dalison.*

Taken from his own Mouth, by two Persons that all the while stood in the Cart by him.

With Allowance.

LONDON: Printed for D. M. 1678.

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A perfect Copy of the last words of Charles Pamphlin, *at the Gallows in* Covent-Garden.

THE Prisoner was conducted from *Newgate* to *Covent-Garden* about ten of the Clock in Morning, having put off his Perriwig, he appeared with a setled Countenance, without the least dissertion of Spirit, only frequently lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and seeming secretly to pour forth some hearty Ejaculations; nor did his Countenance alter at the sight of the Gibbet, the approaches of the Executioner, or any of the Circumstances of this Ignominious Death, but standing up, and beholding the numerous Crowd that was flockt thither to behold his Tragedy; with an undaunted composed look, he spake as follows, being taken as exactly as could be from his Mouth, and therefore the Reader must excuse the abruptness or defects of the Stile, since he pretended not to the Gown but Sword: And besides, this was not a time to practise Rhetorick.

Good People,

'Tis usual for such unhappy Wretches as my self am now become, to say something at their going out

of the World; I know I have but a very little time, I would not misspend it; 'tis from God alone I can expect Mercy, and to him wholly I desire to direct my thoughts, yet since something will be expected, I must tell you, that though I suffer justly, yet I had no such design of Blood, or premeditated intention of Murder as some have reported: I confess I had Rage and Passion in my heart, a kind of Malice you may call it, but it never reacht so far as design to take away his Life. I had a grudge against him, and was prompt on by a crafty Fellow to be reveng'd on him, but not to kill him, God is my Witness; and I do confess I waited my opportunity, and following him out of the Rose Tavern, I struck him over the Head with a stick I had in my hand; whereupon he drew upon me, and askt why I would strike when I had a Sword by my side; at which retreating back, I bethought my self that he would think me a Coward, if I did not engage him; and so I drew, and, as I thought, he run himself upon my Sword. Perceiving I had sorely wounded him, yet not imagining it mortal, for I did not see him fall, I was much troubled, and putting up my Weapon went away, and forthwith conveyed my self into the Country, travelling three-score Miles in the space of three Days, having an intention to transport my self beyond the Seas, hoping to have got an opportunity of passage with some Souldiers, but afterwards fearing I might be discovered amongst them, and having not Money to carry me over in the Pacquet-Boat as I first intended, being perplexed with a thousand tormenting thoughts, destitute of Money or Friends, and without any

prospect

prospect of hope or safety, not knowing what to do, I came back again to *London*, where I was in the same distress as before.

When I was come to Town I repaired to a Friend's House, and enquired of the Woman for her Husband, there being some small matter of Money due to me from him, then she told me of Mr. *Dalison*s Murder, and I protest it was then that I was first assured that he was dead: After some discourse she went forth to call her Husband, but lockt the outward door after her; upon which having a dread upon my Spirits, I did not think fit to wait her return, but made my escape backwards over a Brick-wall, and, it being late, made to *Jewen-street*, where having an acquaintance, hoping he would have kept me secret, I knocked him up, and desired him for God's sake to secure me; but he told me he durst not do it, for he had heard I had committed a Murder, and acquainted me that whosoever should take me might have 10*l.* reward; and that if he should entertain me, it might cost him his life, and therefore desired me to shift for my self; upon which I took my leave of him and made away, only telling him, that I intended as speedily as possibly I could to transport my self beyond the Seas, and there to repent of what I had done, which I do protest was my serious resolution: But this person, who I must acknowledge did nothing therein, but what became an honest man, and I do declare I do not harbour the least ill will against him, or any other person that I know of in the World; this Man, I say, as soon as I was parted from him, followed me without either.

ther Stockings or Breeches; and when he came near the Watch laid hold on me, and cryed out, A Murtherer! this is the Man that kill'd Lieutenant *Dalison*: I confeſs I did endeavour to get from him, and had not Providence order'd it otherwiſe, 'tis poſſible I might have done it, for I ſhook him like a Diſh-clout, but he hang'd ſtill about me like a Cat, till the Watch came up, and then juſt as I was getting away, one of them thruſting his Holbert between my Leggs flung me down, and then I yielded to them.

But I muſt declare that I did not tell the *French-Woman* that I kill'd the Man, although ſhe appeared againſt me as a witneſs; though I believe ſhe did not ſay it out of any ill will to me, but through want of a right underſtanding of *Engliſh* to know what I ſaid to her, and what the Court demanded of her; that the Gentleman dyed by my hand I ſhall not deny; but I had no deſign before to kill him, but that All-ſeeing Eye, who accounts a wanton Eye Adultery, has been pleaſed to punniſh my unbridled Rage and Anger againſt him in the ſame degree, as if I had premeditated the Fact: The Lord forgive me, I confeſs I righteouſly deſerve this, and a thouſand deaths, but through the merits of my Saviour, I truſt he will pardon me, not only that but all other my Sins.

My Life has been very ill, I have nothing to ſay to excuſe my ſelf; I wiſh my ſad Example may warn others from the like miſchiefs: Pride firſt made Devils, I am ſure by woful experience it made me the Devil's Servant and brought me to ruine. When I ſhould have been at work, or about God's Service, my

mind

mind was chiefly imployed either on Objects of Debauchery, or thoughts how to get Money to supply my Extravagances. Blood, Oh Blood, is a crying Sin; I do assure you I suffer'd more by the Tortures of Conscience before I was taken, than the Inconveniences of a Prison, or thoughts of Death could inflict upon me: Oh! what madness is it for a Man to salve his Reputation to wound his Soul: To hazard his Life to gratifie his Humour, or rather the Humours of others: I hope people will take warning by me not to draw their Swords on such small trifling pretences; Nay if it were a thousand times greater Affronts, were it not better to put them up, than to require Satisfaction: Alas! Gentlemen, I pray look up [*casting his Eye upwards towards the Gallows*] this is my Satisfaction, even the Gallows: What madness is it to think to secure ones Reputation by an Action that will certainly bring one to an ignominious shameful end, and be justly condemned and detested of all Mankind. God preserve every Man from desiring such satisfaction, and from Blood-guiltiness, even in any degree: Deliver me, O Lord, I am a vile sinner, I have nothing to plead, but the merits of my Saviour, and to him alone I recommend my self.

There was one came to me in Prison, and with insinuating words endeavoured to possess me with a good opinion of him, at last asking me what Religion I would dye in, to which I answered a Protestant, though most unworthy, having in all things neglected both the pure Doctrine and most useful Discipline of the most Reformed Church in the World.

World. This Stranger told me he was of that mind once, but now he understood better, perswading me to turn *Roman* Catholick, but I denyed and withstood his Temptations; and there are those that can relate what I said more at large. I am an unworthy Protestant, a Prodigal that deserves to feed on Husks with Swine, but that by the alone merits of Christ (nothing of my own) I hope for salvation. The Lord bless this Land, and sanctifie the Example of my death to all present; I desire the Prayers of all good Christians for me: I have but a step between me and Eternity. The Lord look in mercy upon me a miserable sinner, Good People pray for me.

Then he composed himself to Prayer; but when the Minister had lookt out a fit Hymn to sing, according to Custom on such Occasions, which was *The Lamentation of a Sinner*, and desired the People present to sing it, and he would read it; the Prisoner answered, *Read it to me and it will be as well.* Then praying with the Minister, when it was concluded, he of his own accord stept up on the Wheel of the Cart, and the Hangman did his Office.

The truth hereof is attested by us

THO. TEMPLEMAN.
JOHN SEALE.

FINIS.

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